

LIFESTYLE

A GTA ZINE



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We are so glad you have found this Halloween-themed Grand Theft Auto fanzine! Due to the theme, some fanfics and fanarts in this zine may be upsetting. That is why the zine is R-rated, and trigger warnings are listed on the index page. If you would rather not see any spoilers, skip the index page, but note that there are no separate warnings or ratings before each work.

Enjoy the zine brought to you by these fantastic artists and writers, and remember to follow and support them! You can find everyone's social media accounts on the credits page.

Happy Halloween!

from [aintgonnaleaveyoumikey](#) and [thenomansland](#).

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ROADSIDE BUTCHERY

TIGERTOFU

Everything is devourable, given one's teeth and mind are both sharp enough for the task.

Red light on him, on snowdrifts, on everything. The night is bitter here on the side of an unnamed backroad in the deadcenter of nowhere. Wind whispers through sheathes of dead corn. It turns about and pushes the snowfall into Trevor's face, and big powdery flakes catch on his lashes. He resigns to stare for just a moment more because he must allow himself these exercises in self control. He knows that the longer he waits, the better it will taste.

Two hundred-ish pounds of meat lay at his boots, pithed but freshly so. His stomach growls like a muzzled dog. He shifts his feet in their sockets in the red snow. His jeans have suddenly grown too tight.

This is an attempted meeting with control and willpower. It's been so long that he has forgotten their faces and that scares him, alright, it does scare him a bit in that nerve way that only he can scare himself. What he needs though is to eat. What he needs is to devour, obtain, to keep to himself, to have a bellyful of something that cannot leave him.

He's starving.

It's been awhile since he last did this.

Fully undressing and processing the meat is out of the question. It almost always is. Trevor has only done it once; back when he was twenty-something, freshly booted from the military and his mother's home and still filled to the brim with the raw and wild rage of a catastrophic youth. He had spent some months living rough then, mostly in the woods on the outskirts of nothingtowns near the border. There was a fresh ounce of ice in his threadbare jacket pocket the night he stumbled upon a drunk vagabond behind a gas station in one of these nothingtowns. The old man was already on death's door. Trevor practically did him a favor. It took him 2 days to butcher the carcass, with nothing but branches to use as racks and sticks for meathooks and only a rusted pocketknife and the strength of his own teeth, jaws, hands, arms, to create cuts of meat. He started a fire and roasted some. But an unfortunate life had, unfortunately, left an unfortunate taste to the old man's flesh that couldn't be cut or burnt out. Trevor ended up eating only a pound or so before moving on, leaving his butcher site to be found by some hikers a month later and become a grisly case that would shock the whole province and never be solved. Ten or so years later, he swore he was still picking out the vagabond's dried blood from under his fingernails.

Some day he would get another chance like that. But not tonight.

With chapped and gray hands, Trevor shakily rips a hole in the cheap cotton of his supper's t-shirt. He's a large fellow. Moving him enough to strip him totally bare doesn't feel possible in this biting weather. Snow powders the pale hairy skin of his stomach almost as quickly as Trevor exposes it.

Something more snappish and bitter than hunger stirs in Trevor's own belly. It forces him to think of *him*, of the ghost he is running from.

He tries to keep it down but like vomit the thoughts bubble up his throat. Everything reminds Trevor of him. The blue in the sky right before dawn is the same shade as his eyes. That is the worst. It makes Trevor feel as though the whole sky is watching him. Judging him. Asking him things he would ask. Where are you going? What the hell are you doing, Trevor?

"I'm making myself supper," he says out loud now as he unsheathes the Bowie knife from its holster in his snow pants.

Red light bloodies the blade before he makes his first cut. He drops to his knees in the snow. He wrenches the fingerless gloves from his hands, pats his meal's belly, is sad when he doesn't feel any warmth against his palm.

The knife then goes in and blood oozes up from the long deep cut Trevor makes in the shape of a lopsided square around the belly button. The liquid is at least a little warm. It thaws the tips of Trevor's fingers as he retraces his cut, sending the blade further down until he can feel it catch on things harder than just intestines. Within the square he has made he then plunges his knife into the thick resistance of belly fat again and again. This part is just for fun.

When he's decided he's had enough, the meal's beer gut resembles an eruption of bloody ground beef.

Trevor refrains from taking a taste because he knows it won't be nice. Instead, he stands up straight and gets a good look at it. He lowers his eyes so that the body's face is out of his field of vision, and he smiles. Wind whistles and snow fills his vision.

Then he crouches again, this time at the shoulders. He brushes the layer of snow already fallen on the chest off of it. To think, the heart caved in all of this meat was just hours ago beating, hot with living blood. Trevor's smile cracks up into a grin, and he draws a crooked line with his knife from nipple to nipple.

He does it again, and again, and again. He does it with his cheeks hurting the whole time. His feverish brain gushes out another memory, this time of when *he* first saw him like this.

They'd gotten into a bar fight, one of the dozens they had back in the 90's. Trevor had lured the other man outside to make good on his threats, and before Michael could stumble out after them and find them in that night's snow flurry, Trevor had already stabbed the other to death. That was the first time Trevor heard fear in Michael's voice; fear that was caused by him. There was something else in his shouts, in the shaky grips he used to wrench Trevor off of his victim, though, something that Trevor had been secretly chasing a taste of ever since: concern.

He didn't really ever get it again. At least now, a different craving is about to finally be satisfied.

The blood further up his wrists is starting to turn icy. Trevor changes to holding his knife in his teeth, and grips either side of the wound he has created with each hand and pulls as hard as he can. His fingers slip. Coppery broth drips down from his worksite and begins to red the snow at his feet. The heels of his work boots are being slowly soaked in blood by the time he finishes this step.

Now all he has to do is reach. He spits his knife out onto the snow and rolls up the sleeve of his flannel and does so.

Through squidgy, unidentifiable redness and smooth lengths of bone he tunnels. This takes the longest, but the time passes quickly for Trevor. His nose begins to drip and he loses feeling in the fingers not plunged in a corpse's chest and his lips feel on the verge of cracking right open against the bitter cold but still he goes on without pausing. When finally he reaches what he has been reaching for, he knows it instantly. He can feel it in his own heart.

He grabs and pulls with a long series of rips and gurgles. It comes free with one last, glorious tear. His arm begins to tremble as he raises it, and in his hand is the firm and lumpy hunk of muscle known as a human heart. He holds it up and lets the red light catch on it, turning everything around it the same crimson. Trevor can only restrain himself from taking a bite for a few seconds.

It's tougher than he's always expected. He has to grip with both hands and yank it away from his face, a promising chunk clasped between his teeth. His mouth instantly floods with saliva in anticipation as he begins to chew. He does so for a good full minute, his eyes closed. Swallows.

It doesn't taste good. It doesn't taste like *him*. It doesn't taste how Trevor has always expected.

Anger and sorrow and nausea all begin to burn in his eyes like stuck sparks when he realizes it doesn't taste like Michael because it isn't Michael. The chances are gone, buried in a cemetery a hundred miles away. All the chances, for everything.

Trevor dropkicks the heart and it makes a graceful arc into the cornfield beside the road, disappearing into the snow and landing with an audible thump.

Maybe he'll just get a memorial tattoo instead.

@Mesetik







HAPPY HAUVWÉN!

SEEKING PANIC DURING THE APOCALYPSE

MEEMEEHEART777

It's been a full week since the virus outbreak started; when the zombies started to attack people, the city went down in flames and chaos at the same time.

On the first day of the outbreak, Steve was filming his next movie while Candy and Mercedes were enjoying their day off from their jobs. Tommy was away from the city to vacation, so it was just the three of them.

Just then, a zombie came up to the InterGlobal Studio. Steve thought it was just his actors playing a prank at first, but when the zombie attacked the co-worker and blood started spilling out, Steve got scared and dialed the phone number to warn the two girls.

Candy and Mercedes were sitting at the cafe when they received the phone call. Before Mercedes could pick it up, Candy spotted a zombie who walked into the cafe. Don't know what to do, the two ran away.

Mitch was at his club/bar when the outbreak happened. He was playing pool with his entire gang when a zombie came into the bar and started biting the gang member's neck. Mitch ended up hitting the zombie with a pool stick and eventually killed it. The gang member survived, but now he was infected.

"Hey...you guys should probably turn on the news..." The gang member told them.

Mitch approached the television and turned it on. A news broadcast was happening right now.

"Breaking news: Early this morning, several people are getting killed by this group of the living...dead?" The reporter asked.

"Yes, indeed. To protect the city and prevent the virus from escaping Vice City, a mandatory lockdown will begin in 24 hours. All citizens who want to escape this nightmare must head to the Vice City docks or the Vice City International Airport as soon as possible." The second reporter announced. "All citizens will undergo a medical check-up before leaving."

"If you don't escape in time, well, I guess you will be stuck here until help arrives or until there is a cure for this madness." The reporter shrugged. "Good luck and whatever you do, don't get infected with the virus!"

A few hours later, all of the citizens headed to two locations. Candy, Steve, and Mercedes headed to the airport while Mitch and his gang headed to the docks. There, it was a long line.

However, the evacuation plan could have gone better. When the trio finally reached the medical check, a group of zombies were coming and started attacking the citizens. The military had no choice but to evacuate the last group and shut down the evacuation in the area.

Frustrated, the three headed over to the dock. They ended up spotting Alex Shrub and his wife. Shrub has a bandage wrapped around his hand, meaning that he was bitten early.

"Candy! Glad to see you!" Shrub chuckled.

Candy had avoided him a few weeks ago after she started dating Mercedes. Plus, his wife had recently found out about the affair they had a few years ago. Mrs. Shrub, or Meggy, had filed a restraining order on Candy to make sure she didn't touch him.

"Um, Shrub. Remember the restraining order?" Candy questioned him.

"I don't know what's going on, but please don't get bitten," Meggy informed the two. "My husband got bitten while trying to rescue a citizen. I'm planning on evacuating myself and leaving him behind."

Meanwhile, Mitch and his gang were at the line, waiting for their turn to evacuate. It was finally their turn.

"Go, go!" Mitch yelled.

One by one, the gang members were boarding the boat after passing through the medical checkpoints. Mitch was the last member and was going through the medical checkpoint.

Suddenly, Shrub started to have a seizure, signaling that the infection was almost complete. Candy and Mercedes pulled Meggy away and watched the situation unfold between them.

"Oh my gosh!" A citizen screamed.

"Stand back! Everyone!" The soldier yelled.

Shrub was now a zombie. He comes straight towards Meggy and starts biting her in the neck. She screamed in pain as the bite tore her flesh and was losing blood.

"G-go..." Meggy struggled to say. "Run for your life and make sure to not die..."

Meggy screamed as she finally died from blood loss. Shrub was running towards Candy and Mercedes, as the two screamed. Suddenly, he was killed by a bullet to the head; it turned out to be Mitch.

"You okay?" Mitch asked them.

"Yeah..." Mercedes answered.

"At least nobody else got killed..." Steve sighed.

"End the evacuation progress and let the boat leave." The soldier commanded.

"But our men are still out there!" Another one cried out.

"Just do it!" He demanded.

The boat was turning on and everyone gasped in shock.

"They're closing the evacuation progress!" A citizen panicked. "Run!"

Everyone panicked as they tried to get into the boat. For Mitch, he realized that he was about to leave the gang behind.

"Oh shit!" Mitch cried out.

Even though a few more people got in the boat, the boat finally left, leaving everyone in shock.

"Attention everyone! I know this situation is getting out of control, but we are pausing the evacuation orders for safety reasons. There are plenty of shelters to go until we get more help," the soldier explained. We will be dropping off food, water, and weapons in the shelters to make sure you are protected."

"We will be back to evacuate the rest of you. But for now, the evacuation progress is officially over."

After that...things got worse. Fires are spreading, people are looting, power getting turned off, and most importantly, people are getting infected and killed.

Everyone went to different shelters to take refuge from the zombies. Candy, Mercedes, Mitch, and Steve went to the third shelter and remained there for a few days. While there, they spotted a few familiar faces, such as Phil Cassidy and Cam Jones. Phil taught the group how to use weapons and kill a zombie effectively while Cam showed them how to use explosives.

On the fifth day, a group of zombies attacked the shelter. People panicked and tried to help out or escape from this chaos. Sadly, many people lost their lives by the time the zombies were killed, only 25 people survived, with 9 of them infected.

Phil Cassidy was infected as well and decided to end his life so he wouldn't suffer. Before he shot himself in the head, he gave them some advice on how to survive, including mentioning something about the government doing something about this outbreak.

Knowing that everything had happened, Candy, Mercedes, Mitch, and Steve decided to leave the shelter and survive on their own, taking weapons and food/water with them

For the next two days, the group gathered supplies and fought off zombies. A full week has now passed and the group is staying strong. Steve started to develop feelings for Mitch.

One day, Candy was sleeping in one room with Mercedes when they heard some moaning sounds. They are currently staying in a hotel room. Approaching the door where the sound was coming from, Candy took one peek and saw where it came from: Steve was giving Mitch a blowjob.

Candy decided to not disturb them and instead talked to Mercedes, who was sleeping.

"Hey..." She said.

Mercedes woke up, smiling at the sight of her girlfriend.

"How are you feeling?" Mercedes asked her.

"Good." Candy smiled. "I'm going to cook some dinner in the kitchen using the food supplies we have."

"I'll help you," Mercedes said, getting up. "My father taught me how to cook well."

"Speaking of, I hope your father is okay," Candy said, as the two walked into the kitchen.

"He was planning to visit me this week, but..." Mercedes sighed sadly. "This happened..."

"Don't worry, Mercedes. Let's hope we will make it out alive!" Candy exclaimed as the two girls began to prepare the ingredients. They were making burgers and fries. Mercedes managed to find a remote control and turn on the TV to find the news.

Meanwhile, back in the hotel room, Steve and Mitch were now getting ready to have sex, with Mitch about ready to fuck Steve. Mitch's cock pushed into Steve slowly, inch by inch, filling him up in a way that was almost painfully delicious.

Mitch began to pound into him with an almost primal ferocity. Each thrust sent a shockwave through Steve's body, his cock smacking against the bed. He could feel Mitch's balls slapping against his ass with every powerful stroke.

"Do you think we will make it out alive?" Steve questioned him.

"Well, yes. I just hope my gang members are alive and well." Mitch replied.

"When all of this is over, I'm never watching a horror movie again." Steve sighed.

"I agree with you," Mitch chuckled.

Just then, Mitch turned Steve over onto the bed, his legs spread wide, exposing his dripping wet hole to him. With that, the biker thrust back into the film director, his cock sinking deep into his body.

Mitch leaned down, capturing Steve's mouth in another deep, claiming kiss, their tongues dancing together as their hips met in a frenzied rhythm. At the same time, Steve was stroking his cock, increasing the pleasure.

Mitch could feel the pressure building inside him, the tightness of Steve's hole contracting around his cock as their orgasm was getting close.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum...!"

Mitch's hips snapped forward, his cock slamming into Steve's ass with a final, powerful thrust. The film director's body tightened around him, and with a roar of pleasure, the biker felt himself released. He came deep inside Steve, filling him up with hot, thick cum that made Steve's body shake with the force of his orgasm. As the male film director's cock pulsed inside him, Steve couldn't help but let go himself. With one final, violent spurt, he came all over his own body, the force of his climax leaving him breathless and trembling.

"Man, that was fun!" Steve laughed. "This is my first time with a guy."

"You think so?" Mitch smirked. "Guess I'm your first one."

Back to Candy and Mercedes, the two found a news report, reporting about the situation.

"I'm Becky Campbell from San Andreas News, giving you the details and headlines along the hour. In major breaking news. A full week ago, a virus outbreak impacted Vice City, killing numerous people and leaving people who are still alive trapped. The entire island is completely closed to the public and a group of scientists are now entering the city, planning to find a cure to this madness." The reporter said.

"An estimated 1,267 people were evacuated before the island closed. Here are their stories." The male reporter said.

The scene cuts to a reporter interviewing Umberto Robina.

"Can you tell us about what happened?" She asked him.

"Well, I was managing the cafe when a group of zombies attacked the customers! Me and my father managed to escape. But...my father lost my life as he was killed by the zombies. Oh, I will make a funeral honor of him when all of this is over!" Umberto said, crying at the last part.

“Thank you so much for the interview.” The female reporter smiled. “Back to you.”

“As of right now, the survivors have been taken to San Andreas and Liberty City, where they remain until further notice. So now there’s be more news coming about this tomorrow. Until then, this is San Andreas news, signing off.” The report said, ending the news report.

“Well, this is going to be a long journey to survive this nightmare...” Candy said, looking out the window.

And until help arrives, the group will have to survive as long as possible.



Darren
Gatineau

Thats...
CANDY.
Right?



IVS*

DIRECTOR'S CUT
MEEMEEHEART777

After the success of *Bite*, Steve Scott became popular with his directing and concepts. He received a lot of attention and fame.

In 1990, a new rival emerged that would change his life forever: Lionel Starkweather.

Lionel Starkweather started his directing career in 1988 a few months after graduating from film school and entered the pornographic business. Starkweather's first film is *Madness Cum Butt*, an straight porn film. It gains some attention from him. Starkweather made three more movies between 1988 to 1990.

Steve became a little worried when he attended the Woodies, a porn parody of the Oscars, in 1990. Steve's new film, *Let Me Bounce*, was nominated for an award because of the great sex scenes and Candy's amazing performance. Meanwhile, Starkweather's film, *Nurses Go Wild*, was also nominated for an award.

Steve and Candy met Starkweather for the first time while there. He was wearing a black tuxedo and was holding a cigar.

"Um...hello," Steve said nervously.

"Greetings, my friend. My name is Lionel Starkweather." Starkweather greeted. "What's your name?"

"Steve Scott," Steve greeted back, before pointing at Candy. "And this is Candy Suxxx, but her name is Candice Shand. She's my best friend and the best actress I had."

"Hmm...interesting." Starkweather chuckled.

When it was time to announce the winners of the awards, it was a major shock that Steve won the "Best Straight Film" award. Steve came up to the stage and got the golden award that is shaped like a penis, laughing happily.

Starkweather...was not happy.

He worked so hard on his film and he lost to this guy who's been in the business longer than him.

Ever since then, Steve and Starkweather have become enemies. Starkweather decided to make more movies to try to defeat Steve and win the award.

Starkweather's next pornographic film, *Joy Virus*, was released in 1992. It was about a scientist developing the awesome Joy Virus, where the only antidote is sex. However, when his film was released, it was...not popular because there was a behind-the-scenes interview where an actor revealed that Starkweather mistreated his actors. Steve's film, *Vinewood Call Girls*, was released in the same year and stars Candy again. It involves porn stars (including Candy) living in a big mansion and engaging in hot sexual situations. Steve's film got more attention from the adults than Starkweather.

This resulted in Starkweather's film only making 1 million dollars from ticket purchases. He was furious about this outcome and began to make another movie in 1994. The same result is that it wasn't popular because gay porn was becoming popular at the time. Steve came out as bisexual and when he was filming his next movie, *Wild Times at Vinewood University*, Steve made a special appearance in one of the scenes and he participated in a major orgy with the men. This scene gains more popularity for Steve.

Eventually, people were getting tired of Starkweather, including the actors who remained with him. Actors begin to come out to reveal what Starkweather is doing: he's been abusing his actors and even committed sexual harassment towards one of the female actors.

Starkweather's last film was released in 1998. Starkweather made a non-pornographic movie in a last attempt to get popular, but it failed. In the end, his career was officially finished. Meanwhile, Steve remained one of the popular film directors of all time and even got an Vinewood Star along with Candy SuXXX.

Three years later, Steve was getting old and was getting ready to retire. He was even happily married to Reni Wassulmaier, a transgender former film director who he met in the 1990s. Steve hasn't heard anything from Starkweather since his career was finished.

Little did he know...a price was on his head.

One afternoon, a package was dropped off at Steve's mansion. Curious, Steve picked the package up and opened it, revealing it to be a videotape called Director's Cut.

Steve doesn't know what to do...

But he decided to play the tape on his VCR. Once he put it on...

...he got a surprise...

...one that will make him face the fear of reality

—

Candy SuXXX was in a room. The room was covered in blood and guts. Candy was panicking and in great fear.

Suddenly, a guy comes in with a machete, a very sharp one to be honest. It turns out to be Ramirez, one of Starkweather's best friends.

"W-what are you doing here?!" Candy asked him. "Where's Steve? Where's my wife?"

"Oh, don't worry..." Ramirez chuckled. "They will be taken care of..."

"Huh...?" Candy asked in shock. "What do you mean?"

"Starkweather is getting revenge on everyone who ruined his career. And it turns out: you are one of the unfortunate souls that will be tortured and killed." Ramirez explained to her.

"WHAT?!" Candy gasped. "PLEASE NO!"

"But first..." Ramirez came up to Candy and removed her clothes, leaving her naked. At the same time, Ramirez zipped down his pants, revealing his cock.

Candy was starting to shed tears in her eyes as Ramirez violently raped her. Both in her vagina and ass. She hated it...every moment of it. Ramirez also beat her up and cut her up whenever she tried to resist, causing her to develop bruises and cuts as a result.

However, the next couple of minutes are the last minutes of her life.

Candy was still getting raped when Ramirez grabbed the machete and aimed it at her neck. Ramirez was getting ready to reach his orgasm because of the tightness of her ass and begin to slice her neck slowly. Candy screamed in pain as she felt the sharp pain of the machete and was bleeding some.

"P-please...don't...kill...me. I'll give you guys anything you want!" Candy begged. "Money, cars, anything to spare my life! PLEASE DON'T DO IT!"

But her words fell on deaf ears, even when she reached her orgasm. And when Ramirez finally reached his orgasm, Candy's world went black after feeling a major pain in her neck.

Ramirez has cut Candy's neck, causing her head to come off of it. Satisfied, Ramirez pulled out of her and looked at her dead body.

"If you are watching this Steve Scott, Starkweather put a price tag on you. And he can't wait for you to get killed."

The video finally ends with a close zoom-up of Candy's severed head.

—

Steve...threw up at the end of the video. He threw up violently after watching the tape.

He became so sick and depressed. Starkweather had captured Candy and got her killed.

And worse of all: Starkweather wants him dead.

In the following months, Steve received more tapes from Starkweather, showcasing his actors getting brutally killed. He even managed to capture Mercedes and Cortez, killing them both.

One night, around April 2003, Reni was coming home after being part of a DJ. When they came inside the house, Steve was nowhere to be found. Reni was confused and hoped that he would come back.

But then Reni found a videotape titled "Watch Me". Following the tape's orders, Reni put the videotape in the VCR.

What followed was a major shock.

—

Steve was strapped to a chair, with his sunglasses missing. His blue eyes look around, trying to see an escape. There wasn't.

He heard footsteps and the person who came into the room was Starkweather.

"Well, well, well...we meet again." Starkweather chuckled evilly.

"Where am I?!" Steve asked him.

"You're in Cancer City, dumbass," Starkweather answered. "Anyways, I just want to say that I waited for this day. The day I finally get revenge on you. You ruined my career and my life!"

“My directing skills were better than you!” Steve yelled.

“Shut up! I’m going to make sure suffer until you fucking die!” Starkweather said. “Ramirez, you know what to do!”

Ramirez came into the room with his machete, which was covered in blood.

“What are you going to do? Cut my head off?!” Steve screamed in anger.

“No...instead...”

Ramirez uses his machete to cut Steve’s clothes, leaving him naked. Then, in one moment...

...he raises his machete and cuts Steve’s dick off of his body. As blood was spilled and before Steve could even scream in pain, Ramirez stuffed it in his mouth.

“That’s right! Suffer that pain, bitch!” Starkweather teased. “I bet you can’t come home to your fucking wife now, huh?!”

Ramirez then cut Steve’s stomach, spilling blood and guts all across the room. Steve felt like his room was fading away and he rolled his eyes before passing out. The last thing he felt was the machete cutting his throat.

It turns out that he completely decapitated Steve. Blood was spilled towards Ramirez as he laughed.

“Good job, my man!” Starkweather laughed. “Bag up the body and deliver it to Piggsy.”

The last thing that was shown in the camera was Ramirez picking up Steve’s head.

—

Reni panicked and screamed. They screamed and took the videotape to the police station, begging the police to help them.

However, the bodies wouldn’t be recovered until months later, when Starkweather was found dead in his mansion while the police were investigating his snuff ring.

You can thank James Earl Cash and Robina, the journalist, for that.

However...that didn’t stop Mr. Nasty from releasing his “Director’s Cut” movie before that, featuring the deaths of Candy, Steve, Mercedes, and the rest of his film crew.

At the funeral, Reni placed flowers on Steve’s grave and prayed for him.

They are happy that Starkweather is dead and Steve and the others can finally rest in peace.





Chayenne 09



Vampires, How
Original

A MURDERING BASTARD'S GUIDE TO REVENGE

AIN'T GONNA LEAVE YOU MIKEY

First, you have to break the frozen ground.

Then, lift the shovel. Move the earth out of your way. Repeat as long as needed to make way for the truth.

Confront it in the form of your old friend's bones. Accept that you have been deceived.

When the liar turns up, shoot him. He is expecting you to do it, but if he, by some dumb luck, happens to get distracted by your enemies swarming the graveyard, take advantage of that.

Do not let him die, however. A few well-placed bullets in his arms or legs or sides should do the trick and incapacitate him for long enough. Get rid of the others, but make sure he lives; ideally, he is lying on the ground, unconscious, or at least unable to shoot you. If he tries to turn on you, use your enemies as a distraction and pretend you regret shooting him and that you will help him when the coast is clear. Lying is not something you are encouraged to do, but he has lied to you enough times to justify it this time.

The first chance you get, take away his gun and let him know he is no longer getting away with his lies. He will most likely talk back to you, but whether you want to hear him out at this point is your decision. More often than not, it is not worth it.

These next steps are primarily meant to get the worst out of your system so you can keep your head clear enough for satisfactory revenge. At this point, your blood will be boiling with the need to hurt him back. If you do not allow yourself any relief, there is a risk that you will snap and forget to enjoy the process. Pain is necessary and lucrative during these steps as long as you do not go overboard.

Start your revenge by dragging him to the hole in the ground. The leg you shot is a good option, although some might prefer the more classic hair-pulling. Personal preferences: you can even go for both if you so desire. You could roughly tug his body behind you or make him move on his own, either standing or crawling. As long as he is too weak to attack and overpower you, you are free to do anything.

Make him lie down on the edge of his grave. Watch and hear him gasp and whimper in pain. You will cherish those moments later. If you are not getting any sounds out of him — some always try to put on a brave face — there are plenty of ways to make it happen. You can, for example, press your foot on one or several of the gunshot wounds or kick a rib until you are sure it is broken, then go for another, preferably from the other side. You might want to save his face for later, but other than that, let your imagination run wild.

The next step is to demand truths, and for this, you need to be able to think. Determine precisely what you need to know in order to move on. Usually, you must ask questions like these: *What made you do it? When did you decide? Whose idea was it originally? Why did you not just talk to me? Did you ever love me like I loved you?* Asking these questions will hurt, but you must do it for your own sake.

He might not want to tell you everything truthfully — he might still think he will eventually get away with his lies since he always has before — but break body parts until you are satisfied with the honesty of his answers. Fingers, wrists, elbows, and knees are a good place to start, and he has plenty more ribs for you to continue with.

If it encourages him to talk, you can go for private parts. A few kicks are very effective even if he is clothed, but if you are feeling petty, ripping off his clothes and making him lie in the snow naked and cold and humiliated is more than worth the effort. After all, he has humiliated you for years.

And if you feel like he has violated your trust in an unreparable way, as you likely do, you can violate his body in the same matter. Make him suffer; he deserves it. Remember to enjoy the screams as you break his body and mind. Furthermore, force him to stare into his grave while doing it. That should indicate well enough that he will not survive, but you can say it out loud, too, if necessary. You might want eye contact so he sees how much you mean it.

At this point, the betrayer should not have any fight left in him. If he has, you must be more thorough. Do not think of it as a failure but as an opportunity. Sharing a soft kiss with him might be an effective way to rub in the fact of how alone he is and how much he has missed by giving up on you. Choking him until he is on the brink of unconsciousness is also worth trying. Repeating that for a couple of times should produce the desired result.

After you feel satisfied, you might still wonder how you can know for sure that you are ready to move on to the final step. If you are unsure, ask yourself: *Do I think he has truly paid for his crimes?* If you follow all these steps to get revenge and make it to this point, the answer is most likely yes, and you should be concluding that there is nothing more he can give you. You would be right to think so, but your revenge has not yet been finalized.

Again, it is about personal preferences whether you want him conscious or unconscious for the next steps, but conscious is more fun. He should be too broken to move or fight, in any case.

Open the lid of the coffin and drag him down. It will be a tight fit, and you might have to move the remains that are already inside, but do not take them out. Remind the liar that he will at least have company, unlike your poor friend who has been alone all this time.

Also tell him that since he wanted you to think he was put there almost ten years ago, it is fitting that his own grave will be his final resting place. It is only fair and it is solely happening to him because of his own actions.

If he tries to plead with you again, which is unlikely to happen anymore, do not listen to him. Properly kick in his face so he gets to taste the blood you thought he spilled in the snow on the day he betrayed you. He might drown on it or choke when the air runs out — same difference and not your problem anymore.

Close the lid and cover the coffin with the earth you moved earlier. Fill the whole grave. Walk away.

Congratulations, you have now achieved revenge! He will never again forget one of the most important life lessons: there are consequences to breaking the heart of a murdering bastard.

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Jimo
HAPPY 2024
HALLOWEEN!





REC



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DUNE

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**THIS WAS A NON-PROFIT PROJECT.
COVER BY THENOMANSLAND.
EDITED BY THENOMANSLAND.
DIRECTED BY AINTGONNALEAVEYOU MIKEY.
THE ZINE WAS PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER, 2024.**